

DOMINIE DEPOS'D,

OR SOME

REFLECTIONS

On his Intrigue with a young LASS, and
what happened thereupon. Intermix'd with
Advice to all Precentors, and Dominies.

With the SEQUEL.

By WILLIAM FORBES, A. M. late
Schoolmaster at PETERCOULTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.



G L A S G O W.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

IF this offend when you peruse,
Pray Reader, let this me excuse,
Myself I only here accuse,

Who am the cause,
That e'er you had this piece of news
To split your jaws.

For had I right the gully guided,
And wi' a wife myself provided,
To keep me frae that, wae betide it,
That's kent to a',
I'd staid at hame, or near beside it;
Now that's awa'.

Be wiser then, and do what's right,
And mind your business wi' might,
Lest unexpected gloomy night
Should you surround,
An' mingle a' your pleasures bright,
Wi' grief profound.

And, bonny lassies, mind this rhyme,
As true as three and sax mak nine,
If ye commit ye ken what crime,
And turn unweet,
There'll something wamble in your wame
Just like an eel.

T H E



T H E

DOMINIE DEPOS'D.

P A R T I.

SOME Dominies are sae bias'd,
 That o'er the dyke themselfs they cast,
 They drink an' rant, and live sae fast,
 This drives them on
 To draw a weapon at the last,
 That sticks Mess John.

Thus going on, frae day to day,
 Neglecting still to watch and pray,
 And teach the little anes A, B, C.
 An' Pater noster,
 Quite ither thoughts our Lettergae
 Begins to foster.

For, laying by baith fear and shame,
 They slyly venture on that game,
All-fours, I think, they call't by name,
 Baith auld an' rife,
 That in the play Mess John is slain
 Wi' his ain knife.

'Tis kend, therefore, I winna strive
 My doughty deeds here to describe,
 A lightsome life still did I drive,
 Did never itch,
 By out an' in abouts to drive,
 For to make rich,

I ne'er

I ne'er laid money up in store,
Into a hole behind the door,
A shilling, penny, less or more,
I did it scatter,
'Tis just now, I should drink, therefore,
Sma' beer or water.

I never sooner filer got,
But a' my pouches it wou'd plot,
And scorch them fair, it was fae hot;
Then to get clear
Of it, I swill'd it down my throat,
In ale or beer.

Thus, a' my failing was my glass,
An' anes to please a bonny lass,
I, like a filly amorous ass,
Drew forth my gully,
An' thro' an' thro' at the first pass,
Ran Mr. Willy.

Sae for this mad, though merry fit,
I was fair vex'd and forc'd to flit,
They plagu'd me fae wi' pay and fit,
 Quo' they, You thief,
How durst you try to steal a bit
 Forbidden beef?

O then I humbly plead that *vos*
 Wou'd make it your continual *mos*,
 Wi' hearts sincere an' open *as*,
 You'd often pray,
A tali malo libera nos,
O Dominic.

For

For, hark, I'll tell you what they think,
Since I left handling pen an' ink,
Wae worth that weary soup o' drink

He lik'd sae weel
He drank it a', left not a clink
His throat to swill.

He lik'd, still sitting on his doup,
To view the pint or cutty stoup,
And sometimes lasses overcoup

Upo' their keels,
This made my lad at length to loup,
And tak his heels.

Then was it not a grand presumption,
To ca' him doctor o' the function?
He dealt too much in barley-unction

For his profession.
He never took a good injunction
Frae kirk or session.

An' to attend he was not willing,
His school, sae lang's he had a shilling,
But lov'd to be where there was filling

Good punch or ale,
For him to rise was just like killing
Or first to fail.

His fishing-wand, his sneeshing-box,
A fowling-piece, to shoot muir-cocks,
An' hunting hares thro' craigs and rocks,
This was his game,

Still left the young anes, so the fox
Might worry them.

When

When he committed all these tricks,
 For which he weel deserv'd his licks,
 Wi' red-coats he did intermix,

When he foresaw
 The punishment the Kirk inflicts
 On fowks that fa'.

Then to his thrift he bade adieu,
 When wi' his tail he stopp'd his mou',
 He chang'd his coat to red and blue,

An' like a sot
 Did the poor Clerk convert into
 A Royal Scot.

An' now fowks use me at their wills,
 My name is blawn out o'er the hills,
 At banquets, feasts, a' mouths it fills,

Twixt each, *Here's t' thee,*
 'Tis sore traduc'd at kilns and milns,
 And common finithy.

Then Dominies, I you beseech,
 Keep very far frae Bacchus' reach,
 He drowned a' my cares to preach,

Wi' his ma't-bree,
 I've wore fair banes by mony a bleech
 O' his tap-tree:

If Venus does possess your mind,
 Her anticks ten times warse ye'll find,
 For to all tricks she's sae inclin'd,

For proticks past,
 She blew me here before the wind:
 Could be her cast.

Within

Within years less than ha'f a dizen,
She made poor Maggy ly in jizen,
When little Jock brake out o' prison
On gude Yule day,
This of my quiet cut the wifen,
When he wan gae.

Let readers, then, take better heed,
For fear they kiss mair than they read,
In case they wear the sacken-weed
For fornication,
Or leave the priest-craft shot to dead
For procreation.

The maist o' them, like blind an' lame,
Have nae aversion to the game,
But better 'twere to tak her hame,
Their pot to cook,
And teach his boys to write a theme,
And mind their book.

Then may they sit at hame, an' please
Themfells wi' gathering in their fees,
While I must face mine enemies,
Or shaw my dock;
There's odds 'twixt handling pens wi' ease
An' a firelock.

Sae shall they never mount the stool,
Whereon the lasses greet an' howl,
Tho' deil a tear, scarce fair or foul,
Comes o'er their cheeks;
Their mind's not there, 'tis spinning wool,
Or mending brecks.

The

The Kirk then pardons no such prots,
They must tell down good five pounds Scots,
Tho' they should pledge their petticoats,
An' gae arse bare;
The least price there is twenty groats,
An' prigging fair.

If then the lad does not her wed,
Poor Meg some feigned tears maun shed,
Her minny crooks her mou' an' dad,
They fart and fling;
“ O wow that e'er I made the bed,”
Then does she sing.

Thus for her Maidenhead she moans,
Bewailing what is past;
Her pitcher's dash'd against the stones,
And broken at the last.



PART II.

A Maids, therefore, I do bemoan,
Betwixt the rivers Dee and Don,
If anes they get a lick o' yon,
Tho' by the laird,
The toy-mutch maun then gae on,
Nae mair bare hair'd.

Yet wanton Venus, that she bitch,
Does a' our senses fae bewitch,
An' fires our blood wi' sic an itch,
That oftentimes,
There is nae help but to commit
Some ill-far'd crimes.

Yet

The Dominie Depos'd.

9

Yet some they are sae very willing,
At ony time they'll tak a shilling,
But he that learnt them first that spelling,
Or Meg or Nell,
Be sure, to him they'll lay an egg in;
This some can tell.

Unthinking things! it is their creed,
If some sic things be done wi' speed,
They're safe, 'tis help in time o' need,
Nae after-claps:
Tho' nine months aft bring quick or dead
Into their laps.

Experience thus makes me to speak,
I anes was hooked wi' the cleek,
I almost had beshit my breek,
When Maggy told,
That, by her faul, not e'en a week
Young Jack wou'd hold.

She was sae stiff she cou'd not lout;
Your pranks, she says, are now found out,
The Kirk an' you maun hae a bout;
Ill mat ye fare,
'Tis a' your ain, ye need na doubt,
Hk hilt an' hair.

Alas! that e'er I saw your face,
I can nae langer hide the case;
Had I foreseen this sad disgrace,
Nae man nor you
Shon'd e'er hae touch'd my sick a place
Or kiss'd my mou'.
O Dominie

10 *The Dominie Depos'd.*

O Dominie, you're dispossest;
Ye hae belhit your holy nest,
The world sees ye hae transgress;
I'm at my time;
Ye dare nae mair, now do your best,
Let gae the rhime.

Ohon! how weel I might hae kent,
When first to you I gae consent,
Wi' me to mak your merriment,
How a' wou'd be:
Alas! that e'er my loom I lent
That day to thee.

Wae to the night I first began
To mix my moggans wi' thee, man;
'Tis needless now to curse or ban,
But deil hae me,
Ye'll pay and sit, for sit ye can,
An' that ye'll see.

I heard her as I heard her not,
But time and place had quite forgot,
I guess'd my piece was in the pot;
For I cou'd tell,
It was too short her petticoat,
By haff an ell.

Wi' blubber'd cheeks, and watry nose,
Her weary story she did close:
I said the best, an' aff I goes
Just like a thief,
And took a glass to interpose
'Twixt mirth an' grief.
Yet

The Dominie Depos'd?

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Yet wou'd hae gien my ha'f year's fee,
Had Maggy then been jesting me,
Had tartan-purry, meal an' bree,
Or butt'ry brose,
Been kilting up her petticoats
Aboon her hose.

But time, that tries such proticks-past,
Brought me out o'er the coals fu' fast;
Poor Maggy took a sudden blast,
An' o'er did tumble,
For something in her wame at last
Began to rumble.

Our fowk caud it the windy gravel,
That grips the guts beneath the navel,
But laith she was for to unravel
Their gross mistake,
Weel kend she, that she was in travel
Wi' little Jack.

But, to put matters out o' doubt,
Young John within wou'd fain been out
An' but an' ben made sic a rout
Wi' hands and feet,
That she began twa-fald about
The house to creep.

Then dool an' sorrow interveen'd,
For Jack nae langer cou'd be screen'd;
My lass upon her breast she lean'd,
An' gae a skirl;
The canny wives came there conven'd
A' in a whirl.

They

rief.
Yet

The Dominie Depos'd.

They wrought together in a croud ;

By this time I was under cloud ;

Yet bye an' bye I understood,

They made ane more,

For Jack he tun'd his pipe, an' loud

Wi' cries did roar.

Wi' that they blam'd the session-clark ;

Where is the lown hid in the dark ?

For he's the father o' this wark :

Swear to his mither,

He's just as like him as ae lark

Is like anither.

About me then there was a din,

They sought me out thro' thick an' thin,

Wi' deil hae her, an' deil hae him,

He's o'er the dyke ;

Our Dominie has now dung in

His arse a pike.

Ye may weel judge I was right sweer,

This uncouth meeting to draw near,

Yet forc'd I was then to appear,

Altho' perplex'd ;

But listen how, an' ye shall hear,

The hags me vex'd.

The carlings Maggy had so cleuked

Before young Jack was rightly hooked,

They made her twice as little booked ;

But to gae on ;

O then ! how like a fool I looked,

Whan I saw John.

The

The cummer then came to me bent,
An' gravely did my son present;
She bade me kiss him, be content,
Then wish'd me joy;
An' tald it was—what luck had sent,
A waly boy.

In ilka member, lith an' lim',
Its mouth, its nose, its cheek, its chin,
'Tis a' like dady, just like him,
His very self,
Tho' it look'd canker'd, sour an' grim,
Like ony elf.

Then whis'pring low to me she harked,
Indeed your hips they shou'd be yarked,
Nae mair Mefs John, nor dare ye clarkie,
Faith ye hae ca'd
Your hogs unto a bonny market
Indeed, my lad;

But tell me, man, I hou'd say master,
What muckle deil in your way chas'd her,
Lowns baith! but I think I hae plac'd her,
Now on her side,
My coming here has not disgrac'd her,
At the Yule tide.

An' for yourseil, ye dare na look
Hereafter ever on a book,
Your mou' about the psalms to crook;
Ye've play'd the fool,
Anither now your post maun bruik,
An' you the stool.

She

14 *The Dominie Depos'd.*

She bann'd her faul, and then she blest it,
In the Kirk-books it would be listid,

An' thus the weary wife insistid,

Our Lettergae

Will sit whar he will not be pisht at

By dogs some day.

She wrung her hands, until they cracked,

An' sadly me she sham'd and lacked——

Ah man! the Priest, how will he tak it,

Whan he hears tell,

How Maggy's mitten ye hae glacker,

Ye ken yoursell.

The Session-clark to play sick prankies,

Ye'll stan', I fear, upon your shankies,

An' may be flaver in the brankies;

It cou'd na mis,

But lifting Maggy's killimankies,

Wou'd come to this..

A toothless Handy, an'd and teugh,

Says, Cummer, husht, we hae aneugh,

Thirsh mony ane has touch't the pleugh,

As gude ash he,

An' yetch gane backlench o'er the heugh,

Shae let him be.

Hesh no, quoth she, tho' he'sh be lear'd;

That ye ken what, they hae crept near't,

For you an' I hafft aft-times heard

O' nine or ten,

Wha thus the Clergy hath beshmear'd

Wi' their ain Pen.

The

The Dominie Depos'd.

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The auld mould' wives thos did me taunt,
Tho' a' was true, I must needs grant,
But ae thing maistly made me faint,

Poor Meg lay still,

And look'd as loefome as a faint

That kend nae ill.

Then a' the gieglets young an' gandy,
Sware by their fauls, I might be wady,
For getting sic a lusty laddy,

Sae like myfelf;

An' made me blush wi' speaking bawdy,

'Bout what befalls.

Thus auld an' young their verdict had,
'Bout Maggy's being brought to bed,
I thought my fill, yet little said,

Or had to say,

To reap the fruit o' sic a trade.

On guide Yule-day.

What sometimes in the mou' is sweet,

Turns bitter in the wame ;

I grumbl'd fair to get the geet,

At sic a merry time.

PART III.

NO W Maggy's twasome in a swoon,
A counsel held condemns the lown,
The cushie muffle thus gaed roun',

Our bonny Clark,

He'll get the dud an' facken gown,

That ugly fark.

Consider,

16 *The Dominie Depos'd.*

Consider, sirs, now this his crime,
'Tis no like hers, or yours, or mine,
He's just next thing to a divine,
An' wow, 'tis odd,
Sic men shou'd a' their senses time,
An' fear o' God.

'Tis strange what maks kirk fouk sae stupid,
To mak or meddle wi' the fuca'it,
Or mint to preach in sic a pu'pit,
The senseless fools,
Far better for them hunt the tyouchet
Or teach their schools.

They hunt about frae house to house,
Just as a taylor hunts a louse,
Still girding at the barley-juice,
An' aft get drunk,
They plump into some open sluice,
Where a' is sunk.

A plague upo' that oil o' malt,
That weary drink is a' their fault,
It made our Dominie to hault;
The text fulfil
Which bids cast out the fareless salt
On the dunghill.

They are sae fed, they ly sae fast,
They are sae hain'd, they grow sae dast;
This breeds ill wiles, ye ken, fu' aft
In the black coat,
Till poor Mess John, an' the priest-craft,
Gaes ti' the pot.

I tald

I tald them, then, it was but wicked
To add affliction to the afflicted,
But to it they were sae addicted,
They said therefore,
The clout about me shou'd be pricked
At the kirk-door.

But yet nor kirk nor consterie,
Quoth they, can ask the tandy fee;
Tell them in words, just twa or three,
The deil a plack,
For tarry-breeks shou'd ay gae free,
An' he's the Clark.

I then was dumb; how was I griev'd!
What won'd I gien to be reliev'd!
They us'd me warse than I had thiev'd.
Some strain'd their lungs
An' very loud they me mischiev'd
Wi' their ill tongues.

Had you been there to hear an' see,
The manner how they guided me,
An' greater pennance wha cou'd dree!
A Lettergae,
Wi' such a pack confin'd to be,
On good Yule-day.

Young Jack wi' skirls he pierc'd the skies,
I pray'd that death might close his eyes,
But did not meet wi' that surprize,
To my regret,
Sae had nae help, but up an' cries
Het drinks to get.

This

This laid their din; the drink was stale,

An' to't they gade wi' tooth an' nail :

An' wives whafe rotten tusks did fail.

Wi' bread and cheefe.

They birl'd fu' fast at butter'd ale

To gie them ease.

'They ca' upon me, then dadda,

Come tune your fiddle, play us a

Jigg or hornpipe, nae mair S O L F A,

My bonny cock;

The Kirk an' you maun pluck a fa'

About young Jock.

Play up Sae merry as ye hae been,

Or, Wat ye wha' we met yestreen,

Or, Lass will ye lend me your leem?

Or Sups o' Brandy;

Or, Gin the kirk wad let's alane,

Or, Houghmagandy.

Sic tunes as these, yea, three or four,

They called for, ill mat they cour,

Play, cries the cummer wi' a glour,

e wanton towdy,

Wha did the Dominie drag o'er,

Just heels o'er goudy.

O' music I had little skill,

But as I cou'd, I play'd my fill,

It was my best to shew good-will ;

Yet a' my drift

Was best how I might win the hill

The wives to shift.

“Sae

" Sae leaving them to drink het ale,
" I slipt awa' an' let them rail :
" Then, running till my breath did fail,
 " I was right glad
" Frae Kirk an' wives to tak leg-bail.—
 " Nae doubt they said, 20

*The Lettergae has play'd the fool,
And shifted the repenting stool,
To Kirk and Session bids good-day,
He'll o'er the hills and far away.*



T H E
S E Q U E L.

NOW loving friends I hae you left,
Ye ken I neither stole nor rest,
But when I found myself infest
 In a young Jack,
I did resolve to change the haft
 For that mistak.

An' reasons mae I had anew,
For I had neither horse nor cow ;
My flock took wings, an' aff it flew,
 Sae was gone,
An' deil a flee had I was new
 Except young John.

To

Too aft my thrifty-throat to cool,
 I went to visit the punch bowl,
 Which maks me now wear reddish wool
 Instead o' black;
 Or I must foot the cutty stool,
 Wi' deil a plack.

The chappin stoup, the pint an' gill,
 Too aft I caused for to fill,
 Ay loving those wha wou'd sit still,
 An' wet the mouth.
 Ne'er minding that the *Tullo-hill*
 Leads people fourth.

O but that loving laird Kingswells,
 My blessings flow where his foot swells,
 Lang life to him whate'er befals,
 God be his guide,
 He's cur'd a thousand thirsty sauls,
 An' mine beside.

O had I but thae days again,
 Which I sae freely spent in vain,
 I'd strive some better for to ken,
 What future chance
 Shou'd blaw me here out o'er the main,
 An' sae near France.

" But since what ails maun ay befall
 " The cheil that wil be prodigal;
 " When wasted to the very spaul
 " He turns his tusk,
 " For want o' comfort to his saul,
 " On hungry hank."

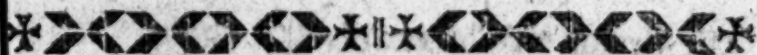
Now

Now since I'm aff' sae mony a mile,
There's naithing got without some toil,
I'll wait; cros fortune anes may smile,
Come want, come wealth,
An' tak a pint in the mean while,
To Heilden's health.

Sae, for a time, friends, fare ye weel,
My pot companions, true an' leel,
I wish you a' a merry Yule,
Much mirth an' glee,
Nae mair young Jacks into the creel
That day for me.

*Some ither Yule may yet cast up,
When we again shall meet;
To drown our sorrows in a cup,
In case we live to see't.*

T H E E N D.



E L E G Y

O N

MAGGY JOHNSTON,

Who died Anno 1711.

AULD Reeky mourn in fable hue,
Let fouth o' tears dreep like May dew,
To bra tippony bid adieu,
Which we wi' greed,
Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
But now she's dead.

To

22 *Elegy on Maggy Johnston.*

To tell the truth now, Maggy dang,
 O' customers she had a bang;
 For lairds an' sutors a' did thrang,
 To drink bedeen;
 The barn an' yard was aft fae thrang,
 We took the green.

And there by dizens we lay down,
 Syne sweetly ca'd the healths a-roun,
 To bonny lasses, black or brown,
 As we loo'd best;
 In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
 An' took our rest.

When in our pouch we found some elinks,
 An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield links,
 Aften in Maggy's, at Hy-jinks,
 We guzzl'd scuds,
 Till we could scarce, wi' hale-out drinks,
 Cast aff our duds.

We drank an' drew an' fill'd again,
 O wow! but we were blyth an' fain;
 When ony had their count mistane,
 O it was nice,
 To hear us a' cry pick your bane,
 An' spell your dice.

Fou close we us'd to drink an' rant,
 Until we did baith glowr an' gaunt,
 An' pish, an' spew, an' yesk, an' maunt,
 Right swash I trow,
 Than aff auld stories we did chant,
 Whan we were fu'
 Wh

Elegy on Maggy Johnston. 23

Whan we were wearied at the gouff,
Than Maggy Johnston's was our houff,
Now a' our gamsters may fit douff,
Wi' hearts like lead,
Death wi' his rung reach'd her a youff,
An' sae she's dead.

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,
For which we will right fair repine?
Or hast thou left to bairns o' thine
The pauky knack,
O brewing ale amaisht like wine,
That gar'd us crack?

Sae brawly did a pease-scon tost,
Biz i' the quaff, and flee the frost,
There we gat fu' wi' little cost,
An' muckle speed;
Now wae worth death, our sport's a' lost,
Since Maggy's dead.

Ae summer night I was sae fu',
Amang the riggs I gaed to spew,
Syne down on a green bank I trow,
I took a nap,
An' sooght a' night Balillie,
As sound's a tap.

An' whan the dawn began to glow,
I hirsled up my dizzy pow,
Frae 'mang the corn like worry-kow,
Wi' banes fu' fair,
An' kend nae mair than if a yow,
How I came there.
Some

24. *Elegy on Maggy Johnston.*

Some said it was the pith o' broom,
That she stow'd in her masking loom,
Which in our heads rais'd sic a foam,
Or some wild seed,
Which aft the chappin stoup did toom,
But fill'd our head.

But now since 'tis sae that we must
Not in the best ale put our trust,
But when we're auld return to dust,
Without remead;
Why should we tak it in disgust,
Since Maggy's dead.

O' warldly comforts she was rife,
An' liv'd a lang an' hearty life,
Right free o' care, or toil, or strife,
Till she was stale;
An' kend to be a canny wife
At brewing ale.

Then fareweel Maggy dowse an' fell,
O' brewers a' you bore the bell;
Let a' your gossips yelp an' yell,
An', without sead,
Guess whether ye're in heav'n or hell,
They're sure ye're dead.

10 JUL 52
EPI TAPH.

O rare MAGGY JOHNSTON!

FINIS.

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